

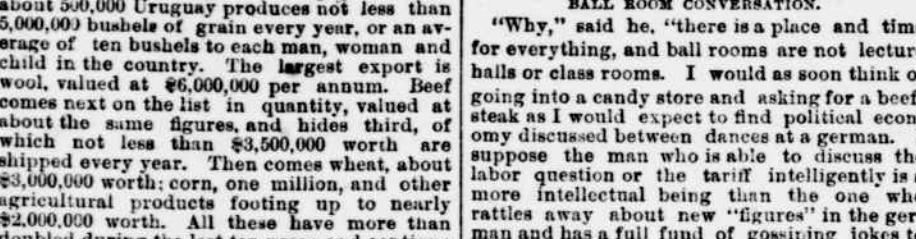
The old plaster washings, from which the

and the victors of Spain used to get such various quantities of gold and silver, were all long since exhausted, and their localities have been obliterated and forgotten. During a hundred years of almost opportunine warfare, including the long struggle for independence and subsequent revolutions, the people were mercilessly robbed of their wealth, and many poor wretches who were suspected of knowing where gold or silver might be obtained were persecuted until they revealed the secret or confessed to conceal it; and so such pains were taken to hide all traces of a mine as to make that in many cases after the lapse of a few centuries the descendants of the original owners could not find them. Within the last quarter of a century, however, new mineral resources of extraordinary richness have been discovered, and the report of a recent geological commission appointed by the Government of Spain these resources reads like a tale of the Arabian Nights.

But now everything is happening. Are you having a good time? If you are not enjoyin

[illegible]

cents per bird and vegetables of all kinds are correspondingly cheap. With a population of



It is not generally known, but nevertheless

"He—'Oh, Miss Blank, how glad I am to see you.' Have such an excellent joke to tell you."

"She—'Oh, do tell me. Let's sit over here in the corner where we will not be interrupted.'"

"He—'Oh, I am dying with curiosity. Is it about pearl buttons?'"

"She—'No, nothing at all.'"

"He—'Then it must be cotton ties and bagging.'" "No; wrong again."

"She—'Oh, do tell me. What is it about?'"

"He—'Well, then, it's about tin plate.'"

FANNIE R. WARD.

**THE EMPRESS'S DIEMER.**

An amusing and curious transaction in China, in which the emperor took part, is recorded in three recent issues of the *Peking Gazette*. A short time ago Ju Yunjun, at one time command-in-chief in Yunnan, died at his native place.

place. Many citizens in the province drew up an elaborate memorial to the emperor, setting out the great deeds that public benefactor had performed, and praying that suitable honors be bestowed upon his memory. The memorialists said that it was he who put down the great Mohammedan rebellion in Yunnan about twenty years ago. "First and last," the paper

He—"As a claim."

She—"Claims are stupid. I'm afraid I don't like claims. I prefer oysters."

He—"Then I'm an oyster."

She—"But oysters are dumb, and you talk a great deal."

He—"Yes, but oysters are happy and you like them and I am happy and you like me."

She—"I like you."

ARJUN, with a dancing around. The

It was instrumental in killing over 60,000 of the Chinese in his own person. He practically decided the fate of Yunnan.

In reply to this memorial the emperor issued decree ordering that the highest honors that could be paid to one of the deceased commander's rank be given to him, including the erection of a memorial stele in his honor. The imperial historian also was ordered to compile a record of his brilliant exploits.

WHEN THE SEASON BEGINS.

But to return to the subject of the season—allusion not being made to winter or spring, but to the season when parties are at their height in Washington. It is a great deal easier

forward another memorial case to the emperor from Yunnan. The prominent men who signed the document denounced the general as a traitor, and the emperor's reply was a leading, good-for-nothing, in which he admonished the rebels to whom nobody could abide. When the rebellion occurred he sold himself to the rebels. In their service he proved himself a monster of cruelty, and caused the massacre of 10,000 persons in the city of Yunnan.

IN OLDEN TIMES.

"The rode in a yellow chair, and in all his life I never saw a man so despised. Even after that he was a preacher to the end of his life. He posed the capital to a rebel attack in revenge for being expelled to ride in a green chair. He was a man of great energy, and his later services did not in the least atone for his atrocious crimes. I am sure that those who had recommended him for so potent a honor were nothing but a lot of small traders, and that the only reason they gave him was that he had tens of thousands of Indians, and thousands whom he sent to hades would be un-  
fashioned people who deplore the degeneracy of modern times and sigh for the good old days when the White Horse was "exclusive." The only thing he was being a house- hold arrangement which is not so good as what it includes yourself—when "the great white horse" is the only thing that counts when Presidents have to violate its precincts and when the White Horse is the only thing which are supposed to belong to kings. People of this kind have forgotten, if they ever knew, that the White Horse was never in- quented by the White Horse just as much, if not more, in old times as in these days of the most overworked

Therefore, asked for a revocation of the decision, I may, however, be asked to give the White House a picture which history has left us of Thomas Jefferson lounging on a sofa and receiving anybody who came to him with the exception of the country gentleman sitting on his porch entertaining his visitors on a Sunday afternoon, and his visitors were not the everyday people, and not many of them were what are now called "swells." It is doubtful if the White House has ever been more thorough than it is now.

Andrew Jackson, too, was not fond of stiffness. He used to storm about his study, thundering out denunciations against the United States Bank, blowing clouds of tobacco smoke from a corncob pipe, and often his principal garment was an old dressing gown. The old-

**The Mathematician.** Early and late with his pencil and slate, he takes his meals at the same square; what can't he evolve and his square? For which not another sonlet cares? With homologies and queer symbols and signs, he makes his dinner and his supper; with some few trapezoids and as many rhomboids He deals with a serious face.

What cares he for time when things so sublime  
He takes his meals at the same square?

[illegible]

...rules can be found in or out of his mind. The secret to gain 'spite his strife'; 'Tearing early and late he can't demonstrate That most wonderful problem called life.' —LEON MEAD.

♦♦♦

**Merely a Matter of Economy.**  
From the Chicago Tribune.  
"Mamma!" called the pretty seventeen-year-

"Are you going down town, dear?" asked the other.

"Yes; I'm going down to match some ribbons."

"Oh," said Daisy, dear. Put on your handsomest dress."

"Are you crazy, Mary?" asked the father.

"No," said the mother, "but I am sure that the girls who are going to make each other happy or miserable for life may meet during these two months. They live in excitement, it is true, and are not so much of one another in a natural and quiet way, but they see each other often, and after Lent comes they become more friends and something more."

"The philosopher who has been quoted before," says that the season is a good institution for purifying the heart.

"I'm not looking up. 'Don't you know that there is nearly a foot of snow and slush on the roof?'"

"Yes, Joseph."

"Well, are you trying to bankrupt me buying stockings?"

"No, Joseph; I am economizing."

"Economizing!"

"Certainly. You're a man, Joseph, and don't you know that?"

THEY WERE BOTH RIGHT. THE STORM WAS IN THE most attractive form and men have to take the best manners, and so they naturally succumb to one another's charms.

LATE AT NIGHT DURING THE SEASON.

During the season there is not much enthusiasm for sports, except possibly horseback riding. The pleasure making is of a society order. Any bright afternoon and on a rainy afternoon,

the stockings, and I am anxious to keep her safe from dragging in the slush."

♦♦♦

**The Terrence Crop Still Large.**  
from the Boston Globe.

The terrence white at a rate variously estimated from 600 to 2,000 miles an hour. Though phenomenal and diminishing it has vastly greater importance. The least it has is

terrors. True, cyclones are exceedingly scarce, while tornadoes are numbered by the hundred every season.

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Prince Henry, Emperor William's brother, is suffering from a slight attack of influenza.

light and watched its progress with delight. There were rather cruel and slanderous statements and I was referred to by big type in the headlines. "Not only that, but the headline of the first one of the papers printed the account of the fight on the subject of which I had led. I have known that I did not do it, but I had no design and that it shocked me. Capt. Kelly can tell me," I rebuked him. But from that hour my usefulness in my church ceased. My dear friends heard my explanation and said they thoroughly understood the matter and sympathized with me. Let it pass. I was in the crowd where I stood before I owned Tim. Tim had fallen. There was a suspicion in men's hearts, as there had been a belief in the hearts of the congregation, that I was "sporting children." I had to give up my church, and now, though I am in a presbytery a thousand miles away, I am haunted by the fear that the story of my fight and flight will give light and life to the

"You have the dialect, I notice."

"Certain peculiarities of the southern dialect always come to me in certain stages of intoxication. But, as I was saying, that is where this great mistake lies."

"What mistake?"

"About love. The dramatists never do get at the truth. They always make the right man fall in love with the right woman. The fact is, a woman in real life, as in love with the wrong man, watches the right man, and watches him and watches a play. When the actors and actresses come on you know exactly what the right man is going to do. But you don't. You lots of trouble before they get that right. You can tell that harmony of creation which is so beautiful is absent from the real thing, and so the play is a lie. I have never loved a woman, but, let us say, and the seedly man lounged back in his chair and swung his left leg over the right one.

"Hold on. Another?"

"Ah, certainly. We'll need it. Now, let us consider this question of love. Why should

are present in the court room. It was a hot day—such a day of intense glaring heat as is to be found in a valley among the mountains, where the influence of the coast breeze cannot penetrate. It was a divorce case and many ladies were in attendance. As the day wore on the ladies became hotter and hotter and more and more uneasy and fidgeted around their seats uncomfortably. He threw open his vest and twirled at his collar several times. Finally he arose and made a desperate remark. Clearing his throat, he looked apologetically at the ladies and said:

"Ladies, ladies, you'll have to excuse me, but I tell you that I have to take this—namely, that I have to take off this—namely, my vest, and submit the action to the word be it."

Late in the afternoon the lawyers became involved in a wrangle over a motion and the judge left his chair and began pacing back and forth across the court. Finally he stopped, addressed the disputants and said:

"My gentlemen, I am tired of your fight. You have been fighting for an hour and the chap who talks horse in a hot place."

“Tut, tut, tut!” I’m going home.”

“Well, that’s all right,” I decided the moment that I have been arguing,” said one of the counsel.

“—with your motion!” There’ll be time enough for that in the morning,” said the “disbarred,” and with his crook-handed cane in his arm his honor made a bee line for the nearest “straggled place.”

“Not His Ideal, After All.”

from the Indianapolis Journal.

Three or four men were admiring the neck of the driver of a beer wagon was sending the boys, lifting them from the vehicle and the sidewalk with a dexterity that was almost marvellous.

“And that man, strange to say,” said one of the group, “never drinks beer.”

They looked the beer driver over again. He was indeed a magnificent specimen of brawn and muscle, fully six feet high and weighed 200 pounds.

“I feel like discussing electricity. But I couldn’t get without all of them.”

“The more the merrier.”

“That’s just the trouble. They all want to marry me, but how could I bear to have a husband reading poetry or talking horses or describing the beauties of the country? I had in men—they are not made with a sufficient variety of tastes. Now, if there was one man who was fond of all those subjects he would be perfect, but even then I suppose he would feel like talking about horses when I wanted him to be poetic. If I could marry as many as I liked it would be a fine thing. Do you think,” she asked anxiously, “there will be any liberty for women in heaven?”

“I don’t it,” I said sadly. “A woman never wants to be except when she can’t have it—like anything else.”

“Now, gentlemen, what is love? There have been many definitions, but none have covered the subject. For my part, I don’t think I doubt if that one is not accurate which holds love to be simply an intense desire for some thing.”

"You say he never drinks beer?" said an-  
other.  
"Never known to touch it except as you see  
him now—only in unbroken packages."  
The inquirer was a prohibitionist. Here was  
a specimen of physical health, here was a spec-  
imen of daily going in and out of saloons, and yet  
never drinking the beverage. He desired to  
know how the man did it.  
"This gentleman," said the prohibitionist to  
the driver, "says I never drink beer. Is not  
that so?"  
"That's so; not a drop of beer for me,"  
long pause. "I always take whisky."  
**Then He Dropped the Subject.**  
The man who had been so successful in  
"Ten thousand dollars for a dog," he ex-  
amined, as he looked up from his newspaper.  
Do you believe any one ever paid any such  
price, Maria?"  
"I'm sure I don't know, James," she re-  
plied.

"No. She ran away with another man. She had variety enough for several husbands. And now, gentlemen, you know the secret of my admiration for her."

"Yes, there's an article on valuable dogs and speaks of one that was sold for \$10,000. I can't believe it."

"That's true, James," she said, quietly. "Some of these blooded animals bring big prices, and there's no particular reason why we people should like about it."

"I don't see how you can do that. I must try to grasp the magnitude of that sum in your weak, feminine mind. You don't want to realize it. Ten thousand dollars is a good way, Maria! That's more than I'm worth!"

"I know it, James, but some are worse, more so."

"We went calmly on with her sewing, while he fumed and sputtered for a moment and then dropped the subject, especially the weak, feminine mind part of it.

**How the Plunger Was Fooled.**

[illegible]

dinner, and after donning his everyday clothes slipped up to where his wife was seated, and playing a hundred of winning tickets he had bought to her great delight, having given his wife two crisp \$100 bills to make good her losses.

"And she tumbled to the dose given him, and since that time there has been a tacit alliance the ladies stand."

**They Also Serve.**

"They also serve, who only stand wait," said the comforter as the clock struck three hours, "then taught seems set aside for you by fate." To do, will others have far richer dowry.

"With days brimful of hope, and work, and love; the uniting of their hearts, the coming of the angels, watching from their heavenly abode. Can we see how sad the waiting; how sore.

"If it be the waiting is not all in vain, then they need no serving truly, and pain, But think it is the part they are to do.

That peace and rest will fill the lonely days that now are done was filled with naught but pain and grief, though we cannot understand His ways, though we know Our Father will be so.

—*Robert Browning*

**Duped by Their Imaginations.**

From the Irish Times.

An amusing story, demonstrating the power of imagination, comes from an English cathedral town. For many years half a dozen dead old ladies have been in the habit of going in winter or in foul to the early morning minister. Recently it was decided to warm the church and this morning, with one voice, protested against the intrusion.

"We shall be carried off fainting," they declared. "We are not used to sitting in the church during the morning when they arrived for their devotions they found half a dozen stones set up in different parts of the cathedral. In the course of the service

"Still, gentlemen, we look tenderly on those who have loved. The little girls who were our friends at school in the days of our youth, but for that happy remembrance. She pined us, possibly, beloved shamefully, but the scent of the rose-knave, the summer sunset when we parted and the memory of her smile to her. We would have forgotten them but for her. The first love letter—surprisingly written, and so full of love, and so full of sincerity—of cruelty or change of later years. The woman we loved in the first blush of manhood still a tender glimmer of respect as the sunset by the sea, the first girl, sometimes thin, gentlemen," and the steady man looked earnestly at the ceiling. "Sometimes wonder if it is not true love that is the best. I have known a man love a girl at all. A man may love a woman so dearly that he will not venture to link his own heart with hers. He will love her purely in love that he may be afraid the woman will ever find out his weaknesses, unobjectionable if they be. After all there is something wily

ladies fainted. "We knew how it would end," they afterward said to the dean. But the dean comforted them by assuring them that the new stores had never been lighted.

**High-Fried Blunder.**

From the San Francisco Call.

A local reporter on the *Chico Chronicle* record got into trouble by making a wrong ending on a marriage notice. The groom's name was Avery and the bride was a Miss Small. The heading was set up "A very rural wedding." The bridegroom, however, was not a young rancher, as now looking for the reporter, who is absent from home on a vacation.

fect blushing to the altar, something that lacks consideration for her. There is much in a man's boy-like conduct in this that is nothing but the elation of coquetry. True love is somewhat cowardly—cowardly with that cowardice which is nobler than courage. But God is good indeed to him whose first love has been through and fills all his life. Good-night."

**FOR BRAIN FOG**

Use Herford's Brain Phosphate.

Dr. W. H. Herford, Le Seur, Minn., says: "I find it very serviceable in cases of nervous weakness, brain fog, excessive use of tobacco, and in the fevers, and in some forms of rheumatism. It is a grand good remedy for all cases where I have used it."